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An Old-Fashioned Woman.

No clever, brilliant thinker, she, With cold record and degree; She has not learned the ways of fame. The world has never heard her name. She walks in old, long-trodden ways. The valleys of the yesterdays.

Home is her kingdom, love her dower, She seeks no other land or power To make home sweet, bring heaven near, To win a smile and wipe a tear, And do her duty day by day In her own quiet place and way.

Around her childish hearts are twined, As round some reverend saint enthroned, And following hers the childish feet Are led so ideally true and sweet, And find all purity and good In her divinest motherhood.

She keeps her faith unshadowed still, God rules the world in good and ill, Men in her creed are brave and true, And women pure as pearls of dew, And life for her is true and grand, By work and glad endeavor spanned.

A TRUE STORY.

"THE RUM MILL'S GRIST."

On a conspicuous corner of one of New York's principal streets a brick building which had long been occupied as a hardware store was undergoing alterations. Across its front was a large canvas, upon which was gaudily printed the words quoted above. It was a desirable corner. Hundreds of people passed its doors every day on their way to the cool and restful park only a few blocks distant, where handsome equipages, with well dressed occupants, rolled in almost endless procession along the picturesque driveways, in striking contrast with the hot pavements and narrow, poorly-ventilated, and over-crowded tenements of the great East Side.

It is as natural for a saloon-keeper to seek the best corners as for a fish to live in water. Money will tempt the average landlord, and an offered increase of a few hundred dollars in annual rental decided in McMillian's favor. The lease was signed, and the hardware merchant, after sixteen years' tenancy, was notified to vacate.

Carpenters, plasterers, painters and decorators soon worked a wonderful transformation in the appearance of that corner. When the mill commenced grinding on May 1st, there was no more elaborately equipped saloon in New York. Every device which the ingenuity of the trade could design, and every available attraction that art could produce and money could purchase, were provided. Clusters of electric burners, suspended from unique and brightly burnished fixtures, filled the spacious room with a flood of light and cast their rays upon the street to attract the passers-by. Costly mirrors everywhere. Expensive cut-glass, parquet floors, rosewood bar, brass trimmings, choice liquors, courteous employees, good location—everywhere bespoke a liberal patronage, and a prosperous career for its owner.

"Why, Fisher, I am delighted to see you. Where have you kept yourself the past year. I haven't seen you in months. You used to come around often when I was at Eighty-fourth Street. What has happened?"

It was thus that McMillian greeted a man whom he met on the street in front of his saloon on the evening of the "opening."

Fisher was a German—decorator. He was married, and the father of three little girls, five, seven and ten years old. He had been a victim of the drink habit, but had reformed about eighteen months before. Since then he had worked steadily, and his family was comfortable, in a well-furnished little flat on Second Avenue.

Fisher was plainly embarrassed by his reception. "How are you, Mr. McMillian?" he replied, as he accepted the proffered hand, adding, in a hesitating manner, "I have been very busy during the past few months."

"But it is hardly neighborly for you to cut old friends without some explanation or notice, is it, now? Come, be frank, old man! But come in. I have just opened this store. Come and have a drink," McMillan said, persuasively.

"No, I think not," replied the workman. "I thank you for the invitation, but I would rather—well, my family is waiting for me. I think I would better hurry home."

"It will take but a moment," urged McMillan, as he clasped Fisher's arm. "Come in, and wish me success in my new enterprise."

Fisher still hesitated. "To tell the truth, McMillan, I've sworn off. I've drunk no beer or strong drink for a year and a half."

"That's all right. I'm glad to hear you've turned teetotaler. One glass of beer, however, to renew old acquaintance, will do no harm. You need drink no more."

By this time they had passed over the threshold. There were many boisterous greetings from friends and acquaintances of former days. The brilliancy of the saloon, the warm greetings which he received upon every side, the excitement of the moment, awakened memories long dormant, and an appetite that had given him many a desperate struggle to overcome.

When he staggered through the door into the street a few hours later, Fisher's pockets were empty. His week's wages had gone into the till. McMillan smiled grimly. "He has sworn off, has he?"

The mill was grinding.

Fisher was in an ugly mood when he reached home. His children, weary of watching, had retired and were asleep. His wife, hoping against fear, sat waiting for him. She recognized his heavy, uncertain step upon the stair, and knew that he had fallen.

"Can't you get me a better supper than this?" he growled, as he seated himself. It was nearly midnight, and the supper had become cold. His patient wife made no response, but proceeded to wait upon him.

Soon he threw himself upon the bed and in a few minutes was in a drunken slumber.

Mrs. Fisher's pent-up emotions could not be restrained. She tried to plan for the future. "There are my little girls. I have so wished to educate them. If Carl continues to drink, I shall be unable to keep them in school."

She had done no shopping, excepting to go out in the evening when her husband returned with his wages. Had he spent it all? she wondered.

He was surly and cross when he awoke. "I have no supplies for to-day," his wife said to him, timidly.

"I can't help it," he snarled. "You and the brats have been getting my earnings for a long time. I'm going to have a good time now."

After he had gone the children gathered around their mother as she silently wept. "Don't worry, mother, perhaps father will stop drinking, and we will all be happy once more," they said.

"Yes, darlings; but why he should neglect us I cannot understand. Why should he rather spend his money in the saloon than upon his family? We have always tried to make home pleasant for him, and he has received nothing but kindness."

"Papa didn't kiss me this morning, as be used to do, and say, 'Good-by, little girlie!'" lamented the youngest child.

Although it was Sunday, Mrs. Fisher was compelled to buy provisions. She had no difficulty in getting the goods on credit.

That was the beginning of dark days. Mr. Fisher continued to hang around saloons. His employer refused him work. His continual befuddled condition and unsteadiness unfitted him for employment. Mrs. Fisher obtained a position as janitress of a flat building, but the income was insufficient to pay household expenses. Article after article of furniture went to the pawnshop. She struggled along, and toiled early and late, to avoid sacrificing her household goods. It was unavailing. In a few weeks their home was almost bare. Her husband continued to come and go, but as he did not work he could contribute nothing toward his family's maintenance. He was becoming more degraded. Several nights his wife found him in the gutter and assisted him home.

"Oh, mamma!" the eldest girl cried one day, as she rushed into the room where her mother was. "I passed that saloon over on the

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

avenue a few minutes ago, and I saw father there. What do you think he was doing?"

"I'm sure I do not know, darling," her mother replied, her eyes moistening as she returned the tearful look of her daughter.

"He was washing out spittoons. There was a nicely dressed man, with a heavy gold watch chain, and a big diamond in his shirt, standing in the door, swearing at papa, and I heard him say he was a good-for-nothing bum. He told him he did not want him to come around any more; that he disgraced his business. I felt so sorry for papa. I went up to him and said, 'Papa, come home.' He looked at me and swore an awful oath. I was so frightened, I ran home as fast as I could."

Mrs. Fisher took the child in her arms, and gently stroked her cheeks, while the tears flowed afresh. As she tried to comfort her, she spoke of former happy days. "We do not know but they will come again. We must pray that God will save father, and help him to reform. You remember what Mrs. Kilpatrick, from the Sunday School, said yesterday when she called. We must be patient and kind, and continue to show that charity which suffereth long."

That evening—it was Saturday—Fisher was more taciturn than usual. There was a nervousness about him which his wife could not understand. He looked around his almost barren home, and appeared disappointed.

"Wife, have you any money? I must get a drink. This thirst is awful. See that thing over there, sticking its tongue out at me. Ha, I'll fix you!" hurling a pitcher in the direction he had pointed.

His wife knew what the outbreak betokened. The children were quickly but quietly dispatched on an errand. Then turning to him, she said, "No, Carl, I have no money to buy drink with. If I had—"

The sentence was never finished. "Give me something to pawn then," he shouted. "That black skirt—anything!"

"No, you cannot have that," was the calm reply.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed demoniacally, "this will do," picking up at the same time, from a box, a little Bible.

"No, no, you must not!" his wife urged. "That is a prize your daughter won at Sunday School last Easter. It will break her heart if you sell that." She caught his arm, and attempted to take the book from him.

Infuriated, reckless, with the strength born of the paroxysms of delirium tremens, he turned on her and, with clinched fist, struck her a terrific blow. She fell unconscious upon the floor. "Take that," he shouted, "for interfering with me! I'll teach you," he laughed, in drunken glee, "to not refuse me again when I ask for money."

Stooping over the prostrate and unconscious form of the woman he was so rapidly crushing in spirit he took from her finger the gold band which he had placed upon it, that memorable June day a few years before, when he had taken a solemn vow that he would love, honor and cherish her.

In a few minutes the Bible and ring were in the possession of a nearby pawnbroker.

"Is Mr. McMillan in?"

"I'm Mr. McMillan. What can I do for you?"

"I'm from the Electric Light Company. I've an order to collect your bill, or disconnect your equipment."

Fisher was standing at the bar. He had just spent the last nickel received from the pawnbroker. "You should have no trouble paying your bills, McMillan," he muttered. "You got enough from me the night you opened here to pay a month's bill, I should think."

"Shut up, you drunken loafer," McMillan hissed. With oaths and curses he ordered both Fisher and the electric light man from the place, saying, "I'll pay the bill when I get ready."

Fisher, ugly and pugnacious, refused to go, and was finally thrown out into the gutter.

A coin was handed by the collector to a bootblack who leased the basement, and access to the wires

was thereby obtained. In a few minutes the saloon was plunged in darkness.

The mill had stopped grinding. It was a beautiful Sunday morning in July. The great East Side was hushed, compared with other days. Few children were on the streets. The clamor and confusion had not commenced. Mrs. Fisher awoke the children early. "I'll get them dressed and away to Sunday School before their father is up," she said. "Afterwards we will go to the park."

She was hurriedly dressing them, when the door opened and her husband stepped into the room. He was trembling and unsteady. His face was unshaven, his hair uncombed, his clothing ragged and dirty. His haggard features gave unmistakable evidence of dissipation. There was a fiendish expression in his eyes. She was alarmed.

"You turned against me last night. You would not help me in my suffering. When that snake was crawling up my arm, and I tried to shake it off, you caught my arm, and held it!" he excitedly shouted. "See that grinning creature over there. You brought them here to torment me."

He staggered menacingly around the room. The children clung to their mother in terror. He advanced a step, and drew from his pocket a revolver.

His wife sprang toward him, intuitively thinking of her children.

"O Carl! Don't, don't!" she cried. There was a flash, a loud report. Mrs. Fisher fell upon the floor. The bullet had pierced her body. In the presence of his terror-stricken children the crazed man turned the revolver upon himself. Another shot rang out. He lay beside the prostrate form of his wife, the top of his head shot away.

Mrs. Fisher was removed to a hospital in an ambulance, and died a few hours later. Her last words were for her children. The Sunday School buried the victims of the awful tragedy. The orphans were placed in an institution for homeless girls.

This grist is ground!

Eight years have passed since that saloon was opened. It has never prospered. Many persons have endeavored to make it pay, but each has abandoned it after a few months' trial. Much of the time it has been vacant. The change from hardware to grog was unfortunate for the landlord, financially; but what shall we say of the awful loss of human souls, whose value cannot be estimated by the sordid standard of dollars and cents?

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

A Disenchanting View.

It is unsafe to judge by appearances, even the most agreeable ones. The bachelor who is interested in the experiences of his married friends was in a car with a couple with whom he was acquainted. It was a rainy morning.

The young wife had her umbrella well out of the way of those who passed up and down the car, but a lumbering, overgrown boy, in his passage to the door, managed to hit it with one foot, fall over it, and break it before he regained his balance.

"Oh, I'm sorry I broke it!" stammered the unfortunate, with a scarlet face. "I—I'd like to pay—"

"Never mind. I'm sure it wasn't your fault," and the lady smiled up at him without a trace of anger or even irritation on her face.

"Well, I must say your wife is an angel," exclaimed the bachelor, warmly. "Most women would have withered that clumsy boy with a look, if they hadn't scorched him with words."

"She is an angel," said the married man, as he picked up the pieces of the umbrella and smiled quizzically at his wife, "but—she's wanted a new umbrella for a month, and now she knows I will get it for her. It's a sad world, isn't it? Full of disappointments and dis-enchanted."

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Only one dollar a year.

FANWOOD.

The Fanwood Literary Association.

ELECTS OFFICERS.

Basket Ball—Others Notes.

From our Regular Correspondent.

The annual meeting for the election officers of the Fanwood Literary Association, was held in the chapel on Saturday evening, October 8th. Counselor and Principal Currier presided, and gave a short address on the good work done by the Association for the good of the pupils here.

"You turned against me last night. You would not help me in my suffering. When that snake was crawling up my arm, and I tried to shake it off, you caught my arm, and held it!" he excitedly shouted. "See that grinning creature over there. You brought them here to torment me."

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day last, and games were played for the first time on it.

On Friday evening last, Captains Birok, McAllister and Rosenberg, at the invitation of our

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 13, 1904.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 163rd Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun.
What wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves must base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

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THE Committee on Program of the National Association of the Deaf, in the assigning topics to for presentation before the Congress of the Deaf at St. Louis, no doubt was guided by the special fitness of each individual for his particular work on one of the several subjects which the program outlined.

It is, therefore, somewhat disappointing to peruse Mr. Olof Hanson's paper on "The Industrial Status of the Deaf in the United States." Not that Mr. Hanson has failed to present his ideas in fitting language, but because the paper itself, however clear and excellent in expression, is almost entirely impractical, and the suggestions are impractical in the extreme.

The writer's failure to grasp the true import of his topic, is no doubt ascribable to his meagre opportunities for observation along the lines which his assignment carried him. He is correct in crediting the "gratifying prosperity of the deaf generally" to the "wise policy of the schools in teaching trades," a policy in which schools for the deaf were pioneers, and which is being initiated, in modified form, by the public schools.

But we take exception to the statement that the chief object of the industrial department of an institution for the deaf, is to afford relaxation for the mind and to ascertain the natural bent of the child. Neither do we agree that sloyd should be a substitute for trades teaching at school.

That sloyd has its usefulness in educating the deaf, may be conceded. So has the kindergarten its special value in developing and stimulating the mental activities of little children. But neither of them comprise more than the rudiments of a scholastic course.

Regarding the occupations best suited to the deaf, the section of the country in which they reside must be given the first consideration. Conditions of trade vary very much according to latitude and longitude.

Mr. Hanson gives expression to the opinion that "real trades instruction should begin after the school course is completed," and suggests a system of apprenticeship in large factories, with a "traveling instructor," who should be "a man of tact and common sense," and "should be paid a salary equal to that of a good teacher." Supposing this to be practicable, a man capable and willing to assume the direction of a number of apprentices in a varied assortment of trades, would need to have other qualifications than tact and common sense, and the salary of a good teacher would have to be a good deal higher than the generally accepted standard to induce him to accept such a contract.

It is hardly probable that any such arrangements could be made with the heads of large factories, by which a number of unskilled and incapable deaf-mutes could be allowed to waste time and material as apprentices. The fact is, that even with special training and a degree of ability at the outset, it is not easy to get a trial in the big establishments. Employers hesitate to give the deaf a chance to demonstrate their capability, from

the impression, unfounded or not, that time must be sacrificed in giving them the necessary directions, and where the work includes familiarity with costly machinery, deafness is regarded as an almost insuperable obstacle, entailing, as it must, the risk of injury to the machinery or to the deaf-mute himself, and the consequent liability of the employer should an arm or a finger be lost.

Mr. Hanson's suggestion that the literary and technical instruction connected with the work should be carried on through a systematic course of correspondence, is so absurd as to require no attention.

Some Institutions for educating the deaf are doing the work in the most approved way at present. It is true, the number of trades is necessarily limited; but a trade like carpentry, for instance, forms a groundwork for a great number of occupations.

Whether or not the deaf become first-class workmen at the trades taught them at school, should not prejudice one against the system. There are failures in the classroom, to which trades' instruction is an auxiliary, and for the very same reason—deficient intellect. It is a mistaken idea to think trades teaching means merely manual dexterity and skill. The first-class workman possesses, beyond mere manual skill, the education of the head which enables him to understand the principles that underlie every operation, to plan and measure and construct. And it is at the institution where all this ability—mental and manual—should be inculcated and developed.

The main cause for a great many failures, is that parents are unwilling to allow their children to remain at school until their course is completed. They want to profit by the small earning capacity of their children, just as soon as any is manifested, with the result that in most cases the lives of these children are blighted by a mediocrity that is an additional incubus on their already great handicap of deafness.

Yet Mr. Hanson recommends that deaf graduates go into factories as apprentices, and, without any remuneration, attempt to learn the different trades under the supervision of a "traveling instructor," supplemented by a system of correspondence.

At school, they are clothed, lodged and fed, educated in mind, manners and morals, given the best of medical care when sick, disciplined in mind and body, amidst surroundings that are pleasant and healthful, all without any tax upon their family's purse; but with all these advantages, their parents are loath to allow them the full measure of benefit, as is evidenced by the never-ending withdrawals from school as soon as a small profit from the work of their hands can be realized. Is it likely that these same parents would subscribe to Mr. Hanson's factory plan, with its attendant cost for clothing and support, and devoid of the dollars which these parents, with peculiar persistency, seem to expect and would not fail to demand?

Without any disrespect for Mr. Hanson, and with a full recognition of his abilities as a scholar, an architect, a thinker, and a gentleman, we regret very much that the topic he essayed to elucidate was not put into the hands of a man better qualified by investigation, environment and practical experience.

Says Deaf Mute Used Bad Language.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Oct. 9.—George Gilbert, a deaf-mute, accused by Edward Gailman another mute, of swearing at the latter, was arraigned to-day, and through an interpreter defied his accuser to prove it. Gailman's complaint was that Gilbert had used violent, indecent language and had cursed him with great violence, all by a few rapid twistings and waving of his slender hands.

When Gailman tried to reproduce the silent words of Gilbert, the interpreter started and then informed the court that the two mutes talked in different languages and used systems that were not alike.

The case was complicated enough before this information was offered, and in despair the police judge took it under advisement.

The Klondyke gold output, this year, is expected to be about \$10,000,000.

THE INDUSTRIAL PROBLEM AMONG THE AMERICAN DEAF.

Read before the International Congress of the Deaf, St. Louis, August 24, 1904. By Olof Hanson, M. A.

THE industrial condition of the educated deaf in the United States is on the whole very gratifying. Nearly all find employment suited to their ability, and with few exceptions they are self-supporting and wealth-producing citizens. About one-half of the adult deaf are sufficiently prosperous to be able to marry and raise families in comparative comfort.

The above statement applies to the educated deaf, those who have taken the full course of instruction offered by the various States. The condition of the uneducated deaf is vastly different. Most of them are dependent on relatives or other persons with whom they live.

Very few deaf are to be found in almshouses or dependent on charity, and these few, it will be found, are mostly uneducated of partly educated. There are a number of peddlers touring the country who ask people to help a poor deaf fellow. Most of them are not deaf at all, but hearing impostors, who trade on the sympathies of the public by claiming to be deaf.

While the great majority of the deaf are engaged in manual pursuits, a number have risen above the ranks. This is especially true of those who have had the advantage of college training at Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., although some who have not attended college have still attained success and prominence.

More than two hundred deaf in the United States are teachers. Two are college professors. A dozen are or have been principals of schools. Half a dozen are lawyers, one of whom has had the distinction of practicing before the United States Supreme Court. About a dozen have been ordained ministers, one of whom received his degree from Oxford University, England. Two are successful architects. Several take high rank as painters and sculptors, their work having been admitted to the Paris Salon. One is a State botanist, and his contributions to science have attracted national attention. Several hold lucrative positions as assayists and chemists. A few are engaged in banking and real estate. A dozen are editors of papers connected with schools for the deaf, and about an equal number publish or edit papers of general circulation among the hearing. Quite a number are in business for themselves, such as printing, engraving, photography, and various mercantile enterprises.

To enumerate the various occupations in which the deaf are engaged would make a long list. In fact it would include nearly every ordinary occupation in which hearing is not absolutely necessary.

Probably the best occupation for the deaf is farming, and a large number are successfully engaged in this calling. About the only objection to it is that it is lonesome, and for this reason many leave the country for the city. Somehow the attempts to teach farming and gardening at school are of little value. Pupils of ability should be encouraged to enter the agricultural departments at State universities. Scientific cultivation is but little adapted as yet in this country, but will be more so in the future. Dairying is a remunerative occupation, and forestry is receiving more and more attention.

To attain the highest efficiency, however, the whole system of industrial training in our schools should be radically changed. In the early days of the schools many of the pupils were almost grown-up men and women, and the need of teaching them trades was obvious. Now, on the other hand, the pupils are mostly quite young and generally too immature to learn definite trades while at school.

The occupations which the deaf can follow are many and varied, whereas the number of trades that can be taught at school are few. Many of these occupations require expensive machinery which the schools cannot provide. How to bring the deaf directly into the occupations for which they are adapted is the problem. The solution must be found in some kind of apprenticeship. Industrial training at school is valuable not so much for the instruction given in particular trades as for the training which it gives to the eye and the hand and the habits of industry thus formed. Its chief object should be to furnish relaxation for the mind and to ascertain the natural bent of the child. For this purpose sloyd, or manual training, is preferable to set trades. This department should be extended so as to include not only working in wood but also in metal, clay, leather, etc. Considerable freedom should be allowed. Working in metal, such as with wire, old clock wheels, etc., would discover the child with a mechanical turn of mind. Clay-modeling would reveal aptitude for carving in wood or stone, and for sculpture. One of the most gifted sculptors in the country to-day did not discover his talent till he was upward of twenty-five years old. What if he had found his calling when boy?

Real trades instruction should begin after the school course is completed. A few trades can be taught at school through a post-graduate course. But I think the schools should go further and by keeping in touch with large factories might apprentice the pupils and start them on such careers as are best suited to them.

There should be a traveling instructor who would go among the factories and look after the apprentices and the literary or technical instruction connected with the work should be carried on through a systematic course of correspondence. The apprentices should serve without compensation, at least part of the time, and during the apprenticeship should still be under the direction of the school. On completing the course a certificate should be given stating the exact

standing of the workman, and it should be given only for merit, so that in time the certificates would be of recognized value in seeking employment.

Such an instructor, being a State officer, would command more attention and be in far better position to secure suitable places for the deaf than the deaf themselves or their friends. It goes without saying that he should be paid a salary equal to that of a good teacher.

The deaf quite generally join labor unions where the nature of their occupation permits. Labor unions have done much good in securing higher wages and shorter hours, and in most cases it is to the advantage of the deaf to join them. Some unions, however, are controlled by demagogues, whose chief aim is to stir up trouble, and the deaf should be warned to keep out of such unions. They should be taught to look upon employers as friends rather than as enemies, which latter seems to be the view taken by many labor agitators of today.

For some of the information on which the above statements are based I am indebted to the courtesy of the Committee on Industrial Statistics. Definite information regarding the occupations of the deaf is useful and interesting, and the work of this committee should be continued and extended.

Perhaps the best evidence of the prosperity of the educated deaf is to be found in the large number who own their homes. While accurate data on this point are not available, probably from two to three thousand deaf in the United States own the homes in which they live.

The gratifying prosperity of the deaf generally is in a great measure due to the wise policy of the schools in teaching trades. In this policy the schools for the deaf were pioneers. The public schools have since adopted this policy in a modified form, and manual training is now a recognized part of the educational system in every progressive community.

The industrial departments of our schools are generally well managed, and as well equipped as the funds will permit. According to my observations deaf instructors as a rule do the best work. There are exceptions. I have seen some very good hearing instructors, and some mighty poor deaf ones. But the rule is the other way. It would be a good plan once in a while to give the industrial instructor a year's leave of absence to knock about and learn the new wrinkles in his line, and ascertain what his pupils need to learn at school.

To attain the highest efficiency, however, the whole system of industrial training in our schools should be radically changed. In the early days of the schools many of the pupils were almost grown-up men and women, and the need of teaching them trades was obvious. Now, on the other hand, the pupils are mostly quite young and generally too immature to learn definite trades while at school.

The occupations which the deaf can follow are many and varied, whereas the number of trades that can be taught at school are few. Many of these occupations require expensive machinery which the schools cannot provide. How to bring the deaf directly into the occupations for which they are adapted is the problem. The solution must be found in some kind of apprenticeship. Industrial training at school is valuable not so much for the instruction given in particular trades as for the training which it gives to the eye and the hand and the habits of industry thus formed. Its chief object should be to furnish relaxation for the mind and to ascertain the natural bent of the child. For this purpose sloyd, or manual training, is preferable to set trades. This department should be extended so as to include not only working in wood but also in metal, clay, leather, etc. Considerable freedom should be allowed. Working in metal, such as with wire, old clock wheels, etc., would discover the child with a mechanical turn of mind. Clay-modeling would reveal aptitude for carving in wood or stone, and for sculpture. One of the most gifted sculptors in the country to-day did not discover his talent till he was upward of twenty-five years old. What if he had found his calling when boy?

Real trades instruction should begin after the school course is completed. A few trades can be taught at school through a post-graduate course. But I think the schools should go further and by keeping in touch with large factories might apprentice the pupils and start them on such careers as are best suited to them.

There should be a traveling instructor who would go among the factories and look after the apprentices and the literary or technical instruction connected with the work should be carried on through a systematic course of correspondence. The apprentices should serve without compensation, at least part of the time, and during the apprenticeship should still be under the direction of the school. On completing the course a certificate should be given stating the exact

NEW ENGLAND.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 10.—This chilly autumn air has already driven the straw hat out of service and the box car into service.

Moses Goldofsky, an ex-student of the Providence Oral Institution for the Deaf, has returned to school in Washington, D. C., for four years more to finish his education.

Joseph Donnelly, a well known compositor of Woonsocket, R. I., has been visiting in Boston, with friends.

Nine thousand nine hundred and eighty-four persons were killed on railroads in this country last year, as an evening paper recently said. They managed such things better in England.

The presence in Boston at the present time of so many noted and famous churchmen of the Episcopal Church has made it possible for some towns to listen to preachers of wide fame and great prominence.

Among those who attended the big convention was Rev. Austin W. Mann, of Cleveland, O., and he was to preach to the local deaf last Sunday, but was prevented by lameness, and he had to stay in Boston and preached to the inmates of the Home for the Aged Deaf instead. He had his half-tone portrait in the Boston *Evening Post* last Saturday.

Rev. Mr. Searing, of Boston, preached to the local deaf last Sunday at Grace Church. The audience was quite large. Mrs. Morlock was invited to sing a hymn called "Marching, Christian Soldiers," which she did so in a graceful manner. After the services Rev. Mr. Searing talked interestingly about his recent trip to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

Among the attendants of the recent funeral of Senator George Frisbee Hoar in Worcester, Mass., was Mr. John Frisbee, father of E. W. Frisbee, of Boston.

The coming winter promises to be very bright, especially in Boston, as many parties are being talked over, and there will probably be three all-night entertainments in that city. The first one will be given by Messrs. Babbitt and Wickens, Wednesday evening, November 23d. The second one, probably the latter part of December or first part of January, by Mr. Small, and the last on February 22d, for the benefit of the Home for the Infirm Deaf.

Among the deaf outsiders who attended the New England convention at Portsmouth, N. H., early last month were Mr. and Mrs. Sanders and Prof. McIlvaine of Philadelphia, Mrs. Adam Benson, of Michigan, Mrs. Fay Timmerman, of Rochester, and Rev. Mr. Van Allen, of Central New York.

Last Saturday was the red letter day for Boston baseball "fans."

She—Who was that man with the terribly twisted and bent fingers—a baseball player?

He—No, a deaf and dumb Russian who uses the sign language—*Boston Globe*.

The Chicago deaf may be interested in knowing that among the members of Blaney's "Across the Pacific," who is playing this week at one of Chicago's theaters, is Justin McCarthy, a brother of S. McCarthy. He is an orchestra musician and also has two parts in the play.

S. N. McC.

Brooklyn Guild Meetings.

It meets the first Thursday of each month, except July and August, at 8 P.M., in St. Mark's Chapel, Adelphi Street, near De Kalb Avenue.

1904

Sept. 8—Guild Meeting.

Oct. 6—Entertainment.

Nov. 3—Guild Meeting.

17—Entertainment.

Dec. 1—Guild Meeting.

28—Christmas Enter.

1905

Jan. 5—Annual Meeting.

29—Entertainment.

Feb. 2—Guild Meeting.

23—Entertainment.

Mar. 2—Guild Meeting.

23—Entertainment.

Apr. 6—Guild Meeting.

20—Entertainment.

May 4—Guild Meeting.

25—Entertainment.

June 1—Guild Meeting.

15—Strawberry Festival.

Deaf-Mutes' Elope.

CALLADET COLLEGE.

Overwhelmed by the Lafayette's.

KAPPA GAMMA FRATER-NITY.

Brevities

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 9th.—On its return from Easton, Pa., whither they had gone to meet the beefy pigskin pushers of Lafayette, our team had a harrowing tale to tell. The score against us was 53 to 0. Our men were outweighed from twenty to sixty, or even more pounds per man. And for all their weight, our opponents were very fast, and ran off the plays with great speed. They were also in excellent condition from a much longer period of training than our fellows have enjoyed. We have no doubt that the score of the Lafayette-Princeton game, which comes off on Wednesday, before this is published, will show Lafayette's strength to be such that yesterday's score was in no wise a disgraceful one for us. All the rest of the games now on our schedule are with opponents who are somewhat nearer to being in our own class than the beefy Eastonians, and it remains to be seen how we shall acquit ourselves against these.

Here is the line-up in yesterday's game:

GALLAUDET	LAFAYETTE
Reichard	left end
Garrett	left tackle
T. W. Williams, '08	left guard
Dush	center
Chandler	right guard
Mikesell	right tackle
Meunier	right end Van Atta, Hopper
Erd	quarter back
Kutzleb	left half back
Seely	right half back
Messner	full back McAvoy, Van Atta

A brief summary of the game is given below, taken from the accounts of players, eye witnesses and the newspaper reports. In the first of the twenty minute halves Lafayette made seven touchdowns, from which Van Atta kicked two goals. These were all made by straight football, our men being wholly unable to withstand the fierce rushes of the Eastonians. Two more points were added in this half on a safety, bringing the total up to 39 to 0. In the second half, Lafayette relaxed her efforts and gave her kickers a chance to try dropping goals from the field. They made eight points in this manner on goals by Newberry and Shuster. Then Van Atta made another touchdown and kicked the goal. So the game ended with the score 53 to 0.

The chief faults of our team were too high play, slowness in starting and lack of teamwork. These, however, are faults which can be and doubtless will be corrected by faithful and unremitting practice. Souder, ex-'00 has generously volunteered to coach the team on practically every afternoon from now on. It is our hope that his unselfish efforts will be rewarded by marked improvement in the respects mentioned above. Our boys are plucky enough, there is no criticism to be made on that score. And they are wiry and tough enough, for the most part, to stand a lot in the way of hard knocks. We never had a "quitting" foot-ball team and we don't propose to begin now.

The Vesper Lawn Tennis Club met in the Lyceum on Wednesday last and elected the following officers: President, Paul H. Erd, '05; Vice-President, E. Rowse, '06; Secretary, J. W. McCandless, '08; Treasurer, Dan M. Reichard, '06; Captain, J. H. MacFarlane, '07.

On the next day the Kappa Gamma Fraternity assembled in the first council of the year. The following brethren were raised to fill the various posts and offices in the ranks of the Fraternity:

Grand Rajah, Bro. Edward H. Garrett, '05; Kamos, Bro. Thure A. W. Lindstrom, '06; Tadheed, Bro. Edward M. Rowse, '06; Muktar, Bro. Frank E. Mikesell, '06; Ibu Phillaken, Bro. R. E. Binkley, '07; Ibu Ahmad, Bro. F. C. Horton, '07; Et Tebreeze, Bro. J. C. Peyton, '07; Et Thaalib, Bro. J. B. Chandler, '07; Abba-Tekoth, Bro. Otto C. Meunier, '05.

Committee (On Probation)—Lindstrom, Erd, Reichard, Faupel.

Committee (On Initiation)—Garnett, Meunier, Syles, Peyton.

Committee (On Banquet)—Erd, Rowse, Horton.

Mr. Allan Fay will, in the near future, move into a house on 7th Street, less than a block from the college.

Preston, I. C., from Michigan, is the latest of all to reach the Green. With Robertson, '08, who arrived earlier in the week, he brings up the number of the men to just sixty.

Our much-travelled W. Williams, I. C., is in great demand as a lecturer. His narratives and accounts of his peregrinations prove highly interesting to many of us. Truly, travel is a great broadener of the mind! This particular

duckie is also an artist at the Highland fling.

The G. C. A. A. has gone into business and agent Tomlinson, '08, is doing a thriving business in chocolate, apples, and the great American peanut.

Davis, I. C., who tumbled over the banisters last week and sprained his ankle, is recovering handily and will soon discard his crutches. We devoutly hope that no one of our football players will be obliged to take them up as soon as he lays them down. May they rest undisturbed on a hook in a dark closet and may the cobwebs grow all over them!

Roy Stewart, '99, met with a painful, though not a serious mishap at the game between George Washington University and Western Maryland yesterday. He was among the crowd, which was held back by a wire stretched along the side of the field. He had laid hold of the wire to keep his place at the front. In so doing he had carelessly inserted a finger into a loop, where two ends of wire had been joined together. Presently the wire tightened and caught our poor friend's unlucky digit in the loop. He let out a hoot that so startled Bielski, of G. W. U., that he dropped the ball. With the assistance of those near at hand, the finger was extricated and Stewart wended his bleeding way to the Emergency Hospital, where he had his hurt dressed.

Mrs. T. A. Kiesel has joined Miss Fish's Normal Class.

Chandler, '07, who played right guard in the Lafayette game, wishes us to state in our letter that he fell on the ball once. Why this ardent desire for fame on the part of our stout friend? E. M. ROWSE, '05.

BALTIMORE.

Messrs. George and Philip Boss had the misfortune to lose their mother, who passed away very suddenly Thursday, October 6th. They have our sympathy.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Feast and children are at present in Canada, on a visit to Mr. Feast's parents and relatives, whither they went about two weeks ago.

James C. Stubbs, foreman of the cabinet shop, at the Maryland School at Frederick, was in town with his wife for a few days on business. Before returning home he called on the writer and we had quite an enjoyable chat. He reports every thing getting along at regular clock work at the School. He also said that Miss Rosa Harris is back at teaching again after an absence of several years on account of sickness. She is well again.

James Flanagan a one-armed mute who claimed St. Paul, Minn., as his home and a former baseballist struck Baltimore two weeks ago and spent several days here. We helped him on his way to Philadelphia and also furnished him with several days' board before he left.

Frederick Douglas Morrison, Supt. of the Colored Deaf and Blind, School this city died Saturday evening, October 8th, at St. Joseph Hospital, ex-'00 has generously volunteered to coach the team on practically every afternoon from now on. It is our hope that his unselfish efforts will be rewarded by marked improvement in the respects mentioned above. Our boys are plucky enough, there is no criticism to be made on that score. And they are wiry and tough enough, for the most part, to stand a lot in the way of hard knocks. We never had a "quitting" foot-ball team and we don't propose to begin now.

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duckie is also an artist at the Highland fling.

CHICAGO.

An Evening with "Mrs. Wiggs."

A PLEASANT PARTY.

All the News in Brief.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

An evening with "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," was announced by Miss Grace Knight, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, at the monthly meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society, held at the chapel on Wednesday last, for next Saturday evening, October 15th. The story is full of intense interest and will be read by the writer at 8:30 P.M. Miss Baumann will first introduce the author of the story to us, with a short sketch, if she can find it.

Mrs. P. J. Hasenstab will describe Mrs. Wiggs and her home, which she saw last summer.

Mrs. Wiggs is called "An Angel of Sunshine," because she struggled along severely and desperately for many years, and yet managed to keep cheerful to the last.

Every one is cordially invited to attend, and help swell the charity fund of the worthy society.

Admission, fifteen cents per person or twenty-five cents a couple.

Miss Knight will distribute very little stockings among us, after the talk is over and request us to put in as many pennies as we measure the size of our stockings, and bring the little filled stockings into the chapel, as a "Thanksgiving offering," next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowes seem to be

been vigorously on prolonging their lives in the best way possible, by

entertaining friends often, or

cheering up those who are in

trouble. They believe on the sunny

side always.

On Monday night, October 4th, they gave party at their home, in

honor of Mr. and Mrs. Tilley,

of California, and served appetizing

ice cream and cake and fragrant

coffee. Eighteen jolly friends joined

the happy host and hostess in

playing old-fashioned games furiously, until their house vibrated,

rattled and cracked (?)

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Hunter made

their daughter, Ethel, happy, by

presenting her with a new Bryant

piano.

Rev. Hasenstab baptized the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred

Stephens, last Sunday, naming her Ruth Treider Stephens.

Miss Annie Mittman has returned

home with her aunt, from Saginaw,

Mich., where they enjoyed their

visit for four weeks.

Mrs. James Broadway, nee Nellie

Lamb, is visiting her old friends in

Chicago. She and her husband have a beautiful home in Coldwater Mich., and are prospering well.

Mrs. Nordyke, of La Porte, Ind.,

is a guest of Mrs. Rev. Hasenstab

for a few days. She will go on to

her son's at Belvidere, Ill., on a

visit.

Mrs. Andrews expects to return

to Los Angeles, Cal., soon, to live

with her married daughter. Her

son has gone there already, when

he was assured of a good position

for himself.

On Thursday evening, October

6th, Mrs. E. N. Bowes gave a

luncheon, at her home, in honor of

Mrs. Angie Fuller Fischer and Mrs.

Nordyke.

Wm. Painter, of Sycamore, Ill.,

and Miss Lela Beach, of Paw Paw,

Mich., were married on Wednesday

evening, October 5th, Rev. Hasenstab

performing the ceremony.

Mrs. Ellen Heinlein has rented

her farm and moved into the village

of New Buffalo, Ind., to sew for a

living.

Mr. Fred Fraser is visiting

Mrs. Heinlein for a week.

Michael Vogel, of Detroit, Mich.,

was seen at church last Sunday.

He has been employed as a cabin

boy all summer, on a steamer plying

between Chicago and Muskegon,

Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Hyman enter-

tained their old friends merrily, at

their home, on Friday evening,

October 7th, and served delicious

ice cream and tempting cake until

10:30 o'clock.

Among the delightful pastimes

was the selection of as many words

as possible out of the wood "Di-

plomatic," given by the hostess.

Miss Nicols and Mr. Perley each

won a pretty prize, for writing the

largest number of words.

Mr. and Mrs. Hyman have can-

celled their "Friday at home" until

further notice, because relatives

are coming soon from New York to

visit them, and then because they

expect to go away for several visits.

BUFFALO.

The summer of 1904 has gone for good, and now the good times are being looked for, as the winter approaches us.

Miss Rutha L. Curtiss was called to Rochester, N. Y., to become assistant supervisor of the girls in the School for the Deaf there. Hearty congratulations are first in order. May she meet with success, and the next time she comes to Buffalo, she will perhaps display her "fat purse" (?)

Messrs. Bromwich, of Silver Creek, N. Y., and Mr. Daley, of Angola, N. Y., were in this city for Labor Day. These young gentlemen seem to think no place so good as Buffalo, so they come whenever holidays occur, and besides this seeming fact, there is another attraction somewhere, that holds them, but in what form it is, it is needless to explain.

Miss Margaret Hutchinson, '03 of Gallaudet College, called on her classmate, Miss MacPhail, one day last month. She hails from Toronto, Canada.

Should any friend of Mr. August H. Stanitz call to see him some evening unexpectedly, he would find him nowhere but in his little dark room, busy at work with his numerous pictures. He began to take an interest in this work early in the spring, and since then he has continued to meet with fair success. Some day he may be our official photographer at parties, picnics, etc.

Miss Nellie Lasher and her parents are now comfortably domiciled in their new apartments, recently having moved across Franklin Street, their present number only one less than their former. The deaf population of this city has been lately increased by the addition of a Mr. William MacKay, formerly of Woodstock, Canada. If he finds the work he obtains here agreeable, he will live here permanently.

Mrs. Rose Seigfried was seen by a scribe not long ago, at her home. She complained of not having felt well for some time. The cause was a cold. She is a great reader of this JOURNAL.

Rev. F. C. Smielau conducted a Holy Communion Service and Sermon in Trinity Chapel on September the eighteenth. He comes here once a month for the present, until further changes in his program can be arranged.

The Principal of the Le Couteulx School for the Deaf, was awarded one thousand dollars for having won the second prize, in the recent Guessing Contest, given by the Hengerer Company. This prize went to lift off the debt from which the school has been suffering.

Mr. Jaffray, '08, of Gallaudet College, stopped here for a few hours, on his way to Washington, D. C., from Canada, his home. He is the fifth Canadian boy now to enter college.

De Sales Benevolent Society opened on Sunday, September 18th, again. Also the Literary Society, the following Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hallett, of Niagara Falls, were seen in this city, last Sunday.

Mr. Roy J. Stewart, '99, of Gallaudet College, had the pleasure of visiting this city and the famous Falls, on September 17th. Did he get lost at the latter? No, indeed; not; he had one of the fair sex to guide him there. He was on his way back to Washington, D. C., from Michigan, where he had been visiting his relatives. He is at present working in the Census office, in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Klein, of Lemon Street, have gone of Rochester for a visit with their relatives and friends. They expect to return in a week.

Miss Mary A. Carroll is about the only person from Buffalo, as far as we know, that has been in St. Louis, attending the National Convention. She spoke highly of this, but not of the Pike in the Exposition grounds.

Not only she but also others who have seen our Pan-American, declared that the Midway in our Exposition was much better in many ways, and also that the pavements which we have are fine, as compared with those at St. Louis.

The Clerc Society will give a welcome to its members on Friday of the second week of the month. The place of meeting is the same, at St. Paul's Parish House. Since this society was organized for the purpose of strengthening the brotherhood of all the deaf, it is the wish of the members to announce that any person, no matter to what religion the person may belong: also the color: for instance an Indian: and the question of their financial means, either poor or rich, will be welcome to attend the society.

At the wish of the camping party, I enclose with pleasure, their written story of their outing, they had in Canada:-

From the 3d to the 17th of August last, Rocky Point Villa, the so-called hut which stands a few yards back from the beautiful shore of Lake Erie, seven miles south of Dunville, Ontario, was occupied by the Misses MacPhail, of Buffalo, and by Miss Curtiss, of Rochester, both of N. Y. State, and by Miss Bennett, of Brantford, Ontario, Canada.

Remarkable to say that during

the two weeks that they camped there, the weather was splendid with the exception of two days. That being the fact, the campers had an exceedingly enjoyable time.

Long walks, some of which were taken across fields, through woods and apple orchards, covering over fifteen miles and more, were indulged in with merriment.

Bathing was a favorite every-day exercise, even when the waves were at their highest.

At a short distance from where the hut is live the sturdy fishermen, and the campers occasionally took advantage of visiting there. One morning they were fortunate enough to witness about fifty big sturgeon being landed on the pier, from the boat just returned from the lake. And indeed they wondered at the hugeness of them. These fish were at once prepared and packed in ice, ready for shipment. Not only sturgeon were caught but many other kinds of fish.

About a week before the arrival of the campers, the fisherman caught a sturgeon weighing over one hundred and seventy-four pounds. This is a true fish-story, however. Just imagine these huge fish rocking in the lake when the weather was favorable.

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the two weeks that they camped there, the weather was splendid with the exception of two days. That being the fact, the campers had an exceedingly enjoyable time.

One delightful fact is that before one can reach the Lake Shore, four bridges have to be crossed. The first bridge you can cross after leaving Dunnville is one that crosses the mouth of Grand River. On the evening of the day the campers arrived at Rocky Point Villa, there was a most gorgeous sunset, such as had never been witnessed before, by the occupants of the hut. The reflection of the sunset, on the lake, through a wide opened space in the woods, was beautiful. The lake was very calm and smooth, and looked as if it were a sheet of ice, and made one long for a good spin on the skates. The lake is a beautiful lake to bathe in. There seemed no end of fun during the weeks that these four ladies remained at the "Elms," the name given to the camping grounds, which are between the lake and the road.

There is a little kitchen on one side of the hut, but meals were taken outdoors, when the weather was favorable.

The Rocky Point must not be forgotten. It is near where the fishermen have their huts, and is a point of solid rock. This rock would remind anyone, of one of some volcanic origin, such as students find in the book of Geography.

This place is an ideal one for camping—everything looked wild and rugged. The campers imagined themselves Indians and enjoyed their freedom exceedingly. But upon their return home, they realized that civilization was still in existence, and so were obliged to submit to it.

May it please you readers to read this poem, "Balancing Accounts," written for the campers, by one of their gentlemen visitors:—

"BALANCING ACCOUNTS."
"Now what do I owe you for all of this?"
For the summer's joy by lake and cliff;
For the wooded nook and the stolen kiss;
For the fright and delight on the hay
rock still;

For the fingers, cool and pink and slim;
Entwined with mine and the happy
laughing trim?

Come, what do I owe you, O maiden trim?
But remember, of all of it, you had half.

Now, what do I owe you, O maiden sweet,
For the moonlight walks under the
spreading beech?

For the joy I knew on the driftwood seat,
When we were afar and alone with
each other;

Now what do I owe you for the look in your
eyes,

The nectar my soul leaped out to quaff,
Come, whisper me, dear, how the balance
lies;

But remember of all of it, you had half.

Now, what do I owe you? Take into account
The pleasure it gave me to help you up,
Up the scarred old cliff it was ours to
mount;

The pleasure it gave me to touch the
cup;

Where your own red lips touched the drip-
ping rim?

Tell me, Oh, tell me, and do not laugh
For the joy that shall last till life's light
grows dim

But remember, of all of it, you had half—

So ends the story of the Camping

A. L. MAC P.

Enforced Benevolence.

The story of Beau Nash is so in-

volved in the life of Bath, one of England's most celebrated watering-places, that one can scarcely see its name without thought of him. There, for a triumphant period, was he autocrat of fashion, and tyrant over aristocracy itself.

When a certain hospital was about to be built there, Nash stood at the door of the Assembly Rooms, one day, to receive subscriptions.

Presently there entered a certain actress, whose custom it was to

spend much on her pleasures and little on charities. She gave Nash a familiar tap with her fan, and aid, graciously.

"You must put down a trifle for me, Nash, for I have no money in my pocket."

"With pleasure, madam," was the reply "if your Grace will tell me when to stop."

He drew from his pocket a handful of guineas, and began counting them out.

"One, two, three, four, five—"

"What are you about?"

"Consider your rank and fortune, madam," said Nash, still counting;

"six, seven, eight, nine, ten—"

Here the lady's alarm gave place to anger, but Nash contained himself, with maddening assurance, while he went on counting "Eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen—"

At his point, the exasperated duchess, whose custom it was to stop his recklessness, strove to stop his recklessness.

"Peace, madam," said Nash, "you will have your name on the front of the building, written in letters of gold. Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty—"

"I won't pay a farthing more!" cried she, now at white heat.

"Chicago covers a multitude of sins," replied her tormentor, coolly, and still went on counting.

"Nash," cried the duchess, now thoroughly enraged, "you frighten me out of my wits! I shall die!"

"Madam, you will never die of doing good," and he was about to count on, but seeing that he had reached the end of feminine endurance, he agreed to stop if she would give him thirty guineas. Thus was the matter settled, but Nash had lost a friend.

Remarkable to say that during

CONCERNING PROCTOR'S

WEEK OF OCTOBER 17TH.

In line with the splendid productions made of Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre of late comes the announcement of William Gillette's great war play "Secret Service," which has been for so long one of the standard plays. The Proctor management has secured the entire original production with the mechanical effects and other features, but with new scenery, and the play will be given as careful a preparation as though it were intended to make this revival for an extended Broadway run. Frank H. White and Lew Simmons have a new comedy sketch "Rats," which has been elaborated from one of the standard minstrel sketches. It is one continual laugh, and upon the old foundation is built a new and modern superstructure of crisp dialogue and funny situations.

"The Cavalier," in which Julia Marlowe starred successfully last season, is announced for the permanent Proctor Stock Company at the One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Street Theatre next week. This play by Paul Kester and George Middleton was recently given a fine performance at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and will be done here with the same careful attention to detail.

William Ingersoll will have a congenial role in Captain Oliver, and will doubtless add to his favor by playing, while Beatrice Morgan, Wallace Erskine, Fred Chapelle, Peter Lang, Sumner Gard, George Friend, Ryley Chamberlain, Marion Berg, Margaret Kirker, Mathilde Deshon and others will appear.

The original scenery and effects will be had and a more than ordinary performance may be anticipated.

There will be smart vaudeville

interpolations between the acts. The Motion Pictures will have a new reel of film as good as those of last week, and other attractions will be announced.

Plenty of novelty and good enter-

tainment are to be found on the bill at Proctor's Twenty-Third Street Theatre next week, where the best acts of European and American de-

velopment are found leading the bill. Paul Spadoni the premiere heavyweight juggler, is at the head of the programme in his remarkable specialty in which the leading feature is the catching of fifty forty-pound cannon balls upon the back of his neck in rapid succession. The trick is one of the greatest difficulty but so certain is Spadoni and so nice is his judgment of distance that he has never had a mishap. There are many others feats which he has made familiar to his audience through his stay at the Hammerstein Roof and the Proctor circuit.

The Marco Twins, an oddly assorted pair from the London music halls, make a strong hit because of the strong contrast between the two, and moreover have some really funny bits of business.

Venue Atherton and company after a smart comedy idea in the sketch, "Where there's a woman there's a way."

New War Pictures at the Eden

Musee.

The Eden Musee has a representative in the Far East who is making every possible effort a scene new and interesting Moving Pictures of the struggle between Japan and Russia. So far no pictures of actual battles have been received. Several pictures show the regular advances of Japanese troops, and one picture shows the retreat of the Russians. Many of the pictures show the troops of both armies leaving towns and railroad stations for the battle field. Other pictures show the soldiers of both armies at drill in sham battle and navy vessels in action and at rest. The new pictures just received from Paris contain many interesting examples of mysterious pictures, and many new groups have been added to the Musee's collection. All of the existing Wax Groups have been rearranged and brightened up. The new figures of President Roosevelt and Judge Parker are attracting much attention, and there is always a crowd of admirers before each. The afternoon and evening concerts are becoming more popular each week. Each program is different, and is so exquisitely rendered that music loving people are seen at the Musee several times a week. Each programme includes vocal as well as instrumental selections, and each individual member of the Orchestra is an artist.

WATCH THIS!

St. Ann's Church

will have